

THE ANACONDA STANDARD.

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

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THE STANDARD

The only daily newspaper with telegraph dispatches in Deer Lodge County. It prints more telegraphic news than any other newspaper in Montana.

Correspondence and business letters should be addressed to

THE STANDARD

Corner of Main and Third streets, Anaconda, Montana.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1891.

GOOD FEELING ALL AROUND.

The week that has elapsed since the STANDARD announced the resumption of work at the Anaconda properties has been one of activity and, at the same time, of universal good cheer in the wide region which the embargo affected. Hundreds of men have found work at the mines in Butte, the smelters in this city are being put in complete running order, the Montana Union is preparing for the daily delivery of larger quantities of ore than have ever before been hauled from Butte to this city, and business in both towns feels the refreshing impulse.

Mr. M. Donohoe, the traffic manager for the Anaconda company, is back from his prolonged sojourn in the East. The gentleman was up to his eyes and ears in the details of the settlement of differences between the smelting company and the railroad people, but his bump of discretion is so large that newspaper reporters have not been able to get out of him the figures which are the basis of the arrangement under which mining, smelting and railroad traffic are resumed.

It is evident, however, that to all parties concerned, the final arrangement is satisfactory. The cordial handshaking which was the prelude to a long and earnest business conversation in which Mr. Daly and General Manager Burns were seen to be pleasantly engaged last night may pass for the best sort of evidence that, in fact, the war is over. These two gentlemen represent corporations between whom the contention has been bitter and as the result of which both have been big losers.

Evidently both sides propose to let bygones be bygones; and this fact is the more significant to the rest of us since it warrants the belief that the era of good feeling means also an era of uninterrupted prosperity.

If newspaper reports of campaign speeches for anything, it is clear enough that Mr. Fasset talked himself completely out before his canvass reached its closing days. The campaign has been earnest, as it was sure to be because of the significance of New York's vote in relation to next year's election, but the brilliancy and the enthusiasm which Mr. Fasset promised at the time of his nomination have been wholly lacking. In fact, the campaign themes in New York have been of the commonplace sort. Mr. Fasset has talked about the offenses of Tammany in general, about his own record on the world's fair in particular and about the fitness of republicans and the unfitness of democrats to run the government of the state, but the oratorical element in the campaign has not been inspiring, and there is no ground for the prediction that the Empire state will depart from its traditions and give the office of governor to the republicans.

ANOTHER ATTEMPT.

President Harrison is redoubling his efforts to appropriate the credit for the reciprocity features of the McKinley act. The attention of the political world has been attracted to an article in the Washington Post headed "Politicians of Reciprocity" by General H. V. Boynton, recently of the Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette, a thorough admirer of Harrison and for years a hater of Blaine.

Like many other articles in defense of the administration by the same author, and like certain other articles of like import which have appeared in Russell Harrison's publications, this essay is said to have been "inspired," if not dictated by the president himself. It goes into the history of the reciprocity legislation in great detail. It points out that the president first brought the subject to the attention of the people July 31, 1888, shortly after his nomination, in an address to citizens of Indiana. The article then says that "one of the first complications made for the president at the treasury department was one presenting full and elaborate statistics of the trade between the United States and Central and South America. When congress met he had a plan of reciprocity which he presented to some of the republican leaders. When the subject began to be seriously considered there were two distinct plans under consideration—one the president's, the other Mr. Blaine's. The president advocated the abolition of the sugar duties, so that our people might be immediately relieved from \$50,000,000 taxation on an article of universal use. Coupled with this he proposed discretionary legislation, which would allow him to restore the sugar duties at the end of a year upon the sugar product, coffee, tea and hides of those countries which should refuse to enter into reciprocal trade arrangements with the United States."

Next General Boynton assumes to show that of the two plans, it was Harrison's, not Blaine's, that was finally

incorporated in the McKinley bill. The general undertakes to clinch this statement by calling Secretary Blaine as a witness to the fact, quoting a Washington dispatch written by one of the closest friends of Blaine in the newspaper profession, T. C. Crawford, in which direct testimony in Harrison's favor is given. But the most remarkable part of the article is its closing paragraph in which Blaine is stabbed in this style: "Had reciprocity been relegated to the method by treaty, it is clear that its accomplishment would still be far in the future. Treaties might have been negotiated between the passage of the McKinley bill and this time, but they would have required, first, ratification, and second, legislation by the next congress, to carry their revenue features in effect before reciprocity could be finally secured."

Of the motive of this and similar attempts to rob Blaine of the credit of the reciprocity policy there isn't a particle of doubt. We do not believe that Blaine was the original thief, but if he was, he got away with the goods so cleverly that he is generally regarded as their rightful owner and Harrison will find it impossible to get them back again. But how desperate the occupation of the white house is growing.

The story told in the STANDARD's dispatches from Cork this morning is a sad one indeed. In far too vivid a manner it verifies the opinion expressed by this newspaper two days after Parnell's death that many moons would wax and wane before peace would be restored to the ranks of the nationalists in Ireland. From the reports of yesterday's conflict it appears that the contending factions have gone stark mad in their frantic efforts to gain the ascendancy and to discredit each other in the eyes of the nation. No rack-renting landlord was ever offered greater indignities than were showered upon the two patriots Dillon and O'Brien yesterday by the infuriated mob populace at Cork. Less than a year ago these men were serving a term in prison because of their loyalty to Ireland. Then they were the idols of the Irish people who yesterday maimed and bruised them in a cruel manner. All their past great services were forgotten when they fell into the hands of the maddened people yesterday. It is such shameful outbreaks as this which lend a semblance of justification to the remark so often heard in England uttered against home rule that "the Irish are unfit to govern themselves."

CHILL'S ATTITUDE.

Those timid persons who profess to believe that war will result between Chili and the United States are giving themselves unnecessary alarm. The fact that Chili has intimated to the representatives of this country that she has no apology to offer for the outrages committed upon American soldiers and citizens in the streets of Valparaiso does not justify the belief that New York's harbor is in danger of destruction by the war ships of the pugnacious Chilians. As we view the situation Chili is simply playing a little game of bluff for the political benefit of Senator Jorge Montt, who is provisional president of the shoe-string republic and who hopes next month to be elected to the chief magistracy for the usual six year term.

It is important to Senator Montt and his warlike colleagues that they do something to distinguish themselves in the eyes of the Chilians at this time and to justify their recent usurpation of office. What does it matter to them if their country is seriously endangered so long as the national prejudices of the populace are gratified for the present? They have no serious intention of engaging in a war with the United States. It is a device intended to please the people for a few weeks and ensure the revolutionists the offices they covet.

It may safely be predicted that in this they will prove successful. The presidential election in Chili will be held in a few weeks. The artifices of diplomacy will hardly be exhausted before that time. After the elections the sanguinary statesmen will doubtless hasten to recede from their present haughty position and will possibly offer Secretary Blaine a settlement upon his own terms.

Should this affair unhappily end in a quarrel that cannot be honorably settled by diplomacy, the result would hardly reach the dignity of a war. Chili is but a garden patch compared with this country, and at best she never possessed military or naval force sufficient to quell a civil riot such as sometimes occurs in American cities. While the American navy is nothing to boast of, it could probably handle the Esmeralda and her consorts with consummate ease. The Anaconda company employs in its various enterprises in this state almost as many men as the commander in chief of Chili's armed forces can muster. If it comes to a fight, Chili would have about as much show to win as Fasset has in New York.

The state of Georgia after a trial of biennial sessions of the legislature has concluded that she doesn't like that style of doing business and proposes to go back to annual sessions. Both plans have their advantages and disadvantages, but of late years the biennial system has acquired great popularity, the idea being that legislatures are bodies to be dreaded and to be called together as seldom as possible. Georgia takes the view that it is frequently necessary to call extra sessions, and as the call for them depends upon the governor, he has it in his power to control the state and the laws during the two years interim between the sessions, and to prevent the people

from securing what they want, for even if they are unanimously in favor of any law, they cannot get it without the sanction of the governor—that is, unless the governor calls the legislature together in extra session to consider it. The biennial session is now in vogue in all but five states, and it will be interesting to see whether Georgia's example will be catching. We do not think it will be.

It has been noticed as a curious historical fact that every one of the republics in South America has experienced a revolution or an insurrection within the past few years, Paraguay being the latest to enjoy an outbreak. The frequency of these rows might be used as an argument against the republican form of government were not the United States a standing reputation. The fault in the South American countries lies not in the republican form of government but in the people who do not fully understand and appreciate it. Revolutions down there take the place of elections in the rest of the world. Election day doesn't come around often enough to suit the disaffected. Stable political government in South America, however, will come in time.

VALUE OF THE WAGER.

It is Fasset in Politics Has Been Greatly Overestimated.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The truth is the value of the wager as a gauge of partisan tendencies and as a measure of partisan chances has been generally and absurdly overestimated. So far as regards the New York election this year it is especially unreliable. The bet merely represents the judgment of the person making it, after such a look over the field as he is in a position to take. Personal preferences and prejudices inspire it, in the first place, to a greater degree than the individual himself cares to acknowledge, or perhaps even than he actually realizes. These feelings, unconsciously to him, magnify the chances of his own candidate as well as diminish those of the opposing nominee.

He starts out by hoping that his candidate will win, and unless the candidate is obviously and seriously handicapped in the race his preference is likely to ultimately impel him to believe that the candidate will win. Then he is in the mood to risk his money on his favorite. But this confidence is far from being an infallible indication of the direction of the political wind. Moreover, the element of unreliability which usually attaches to guesses of this sort there is, in the case of New York at the present time, an added factor of uncertainty, to-wit: The independent and floating vote, which has in recent years generally supported the democratic ticket, is, in 1891, divided or on the fence, and nobody is in a position to make an accurate estimate of the effect which this state of things will have on the fortunes of the opposing organizations.

When Boston and Chicago Meet.

From the Pittsburg Dispatch.

A funny snap occurred in the rotunda of the Monongahela house last night. It was simply a modern case of when Greek meets Greek. When Chicago meets Boston then comes the tug of war. A Boston gentleman inadvertently got into a conversation with a "woolly boy" from the Windy City, and for five minutes they had the floor in very large quantities. An amused crowd of listeners stood about them. They were discussing the relative merits of their respective cities, and the Chicagoan stood out against the Bostonian like a cinder in a snow storm—he wouldn't budge an inch. The Boston man said that Chicago had to go to Boston for its money. The Chicago gentleman said, "We got money to burn out our way." "Our port and shipping interests are the largest in the world," said the Bostonian. "The lake traffic of Chicago cannot be equaled anywhere. We have buildings 15 and 16 stories high in Chicago," said the Westerner. "Yes, but we have the most intellectual class of people on the continent." "Oh, darn you intellectual class, the chance are some of them don't know how to figure up a column, or transact a real estate deal. You can keep your four-eyed, weaver-faced, learned students of Browning at home. They'd be crowded into the lake if they came to Chicago. We want brains and business brains at that—out our way." The haughty gentleman from the effete East walked away rather squelched, and as he did so the Chicagoan good naturedly called after him: "Come out and see Chicago, the only town in the world. Vive Chicago." He and his party then struck off in the direction of a convenient punch bowl.

ECHOES OF THE CELEBRATION.

The works employ 5,000 men at the mines in Butte and at the smelting works in Anaconda. The closing down of these works affected the people for miners throughout Idaho and Montana.—Kootenai, Idaho Herald.

The whole state rejoices and is exceedingly glad by the news which comes from Anaconda. The closing down of these works affected the whole state to a great extent, and the resumption of work means better times. It will effect the prices of many things raised in this valley.—Bozeman Chronicle.

The line at which beating and kicking a thief ends and lynching commences at Anaconda is drawn at the theft of \$2.50. Bunch grass has been pretty short at that place during the last six or seven months, and petty thieving has been regarded by several as almost a capital offense, yet no one has been hanged for the crime. The great works are now opened, money will be plentiful, and the limit will doubtless be raised to a barley figure.—Great Falls Tribune.

The resumption of work by the Anaconda company has caused the citizens of Butte and Anaconda to rejoice as they have never rejoiced before. And well may they rejoice, for it means the commencement of an era of prosperity for those cities, such as has never before been experienced. They have courageously struggled along through the period of depression occasioned by the shut down, and can now appreciate their prosperity.—Livingston Herald.

For seven long months this mighty force in Montana affairs has been stayed, and uncertainty has been the only word to describe the situation. The dark cloud has been lifted from Anaconda, and Butte takes new life. It may be said that there is hardly a city in the state which will not be decidedly benefited, and that, too, right away. Not alone Butte and Anaconda, but Great Falls, Helena, Bozeman, Missoula and every other town having business connection with the mining and smelting cities of the west will partake of the good which comes from the activity of the plant that employs thousands

of men and pays out thousands of dollars every month. There is no state in the union today that can look to brighter days than Montana. There is movement all along the line.—Great Falls Leader.

News of the starting up of the Anaconda smelter, on last Thursday, was received in Deer Lodge with great enthusiasm. The STANDARD has been conservative in its statements regarding the resumption of work ever since the close down, and when the news came in that publication it was considered as reliable. Men have been put to work in the mines at Butte and it is expected that smoke will issue from the mammoth stacks in Anaconda before the 15th of November. It is truly an occasion for rejoicing.—Deer Lodge Silver State.

The people all over Montana have reason to rejoice, for resumption of these works not only affects Butte and Anaconda, but every town and village in the state. It not only gives employment to thousands at those places, but in an indirect way gives employment to many thousands people on the outside. It puts more money into circulation and increases the market for produce of all kinds. Already have times begun to pick up in Deer Lodge and many faces which before were blue and downcast, now show an attitude of joyfulness. Let the people rejoice and be happy.—S. Coeurville News.

SEEN IN THE "BAZAR."

"Did you ever get licked while you were a boy, papa?" asked Johnny.

"No," said papa, emphatically.

"How was that?" queried Johnny suspiciously.

"Because, my boy, I was the fastest runner in the whole school."

I think of the happy times of play, My days at school of yore, But all the same I'm glad to say I don't go any more.

"Your hard-wood floors are always so exquisitely polished. How do you manage to keep them so?"

"I put chamois-skin trousers on the children and let them play on the floor."

She—You will never ask me to do the cooking, will you, love?

He—No, pet. I have a touch of the dyspepsia already.

"Why did the new girl leave?"

"I paid her in advance."

"I shouldn't think she would have objected to that."

"She didn't. It pleased her 'so she couldn't work."

A burnt child dreads the fire, they say; And this likewise is true— As I can prove most any day— An unburnt child does, too.

Miss Coquet (to servant)—Tell Mr. Sharpe that I am engaged.

Mr. Sharpe (to servant)—Tell Miss Coquet that I expressed a curiosity to know whom she is engaged to now.

"Mr. Upholsterer, I would like to buy a nice reception chair. Something new."

"We have just the thing, madame. Here it is. Made especially for our trade. Take a seat on it."

"Dear me! Why this chair is awful! I couldn't sit on it five minutes. I never sat on such an uncomfortable thing in my life."

"Exactly, madame. That's just the idea. You see, it is made for callers."

"What is your name, little girl?"

"Asked a gentleman of a 5-year-old maid."

"Mildred Amy Boler, sir."

The next day the same gentleman saw the child again, and for want of something better to say, asked her name once more.

"It's the same now it was yesterday," replied the little girl, stiffly.

PROMINENT OR PECULIAR.

Whitlaw Reid, American minister to Paris, has made himself very popular. He spends more than his salary in social entertainment.

Prof. James Hall, the distinguished paleontologist of New York, is hale and hearty at 81 years of age. He is the nestor of American geologists.

Clubs may not be exactly the thing for women, but Mrs. Martha J. Lamb believes in belonging to societies. Her name is on the membership roll of 26.

The Prince of Wales will celebrate his 50th birthday on Nov. 9 at the Marlborough home. Quite an interesting family party will gather at that time.

General Fitz Simmons has stirred Chicago to its depths. He says that there is only 16 feet of earth between the surface of the streets and a layer of mud and of quicksand.

Occasionally ducks and other high titled individuals are found with speculative turns of mind. The latest instance is the Duke of Fife, who is selling his estates and investing the money in securities.

Webster Bell, who was General Grant's special courier to General Sherman in Georgia bearing the news of Lee's surrender, died last week in Roxbury, Mass. With none to care for him but strangers, he died in almost absolute poverty, his pride restraining him from seeking aid from his relatives. About a year ago he applied for a pension, but the papers granting him the pension arrived only after he had been laid at rest forever.

Secretary Balfour, successor of William Henry Smith in the leadership of the house of commons, is a man whose aptitude for politics has been a surprise to his friends. He is tall, thin, and fragile, with a lackadaisical air, and looks not unlike a mild young curate. He has a sharp tongue and a way that is rather too emphatic for a position that of late years has been most satisfactorily filled by men who are less keen in intellect and more conservative in speech than is Balfour.

CHESTNUTS.

The little urchins sitting in a line: Twenty little bright eyes sparkle and shine; Ten little school books open in a row; Are ten little lessons studied? No.

For ten little minds wander thro' the town, And, off in the woods, shake the chestnuts down. But each other with prickly chestnut burrs— Making Madam Squared's heart thump in her furs.

Fee a score of little pockets with nuts bulge out, And strong little feet prance and dance about; In still on the books, spread to make them wise, Bent, as if learning, are twenty little eyes.

"Class in geography?" O, in a wink, Ten little nuts are back to try and think; But the keen teacher reads in the faces pale, For he's a knowing one, signs that cannot fail.

Set boys and squirrels, in chestnut time, their backs! So half in jest the cunning teacher asks, "Don't you know what fruits in Madam's burr grow?" "Chestnuts!" yell the ten little boys in a row.

O, but the laugh the merry teacher heeds! He's no fool, so the burning hint he heeds, "As you would rather put their lessons by, And so, instead, a nutting, please say, 'I' 'I'!" Till the hidden snare opens in the sky!"

—New York Sun.

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No. 4—Atlantic mail.....4:30 p. m.

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